

# *David Versus Goliath*

Scenes from the life of

*Charles Chiniquy*



Prepared for the 1954 grads of the  
Winnipeg Bible Institute and College of Theology



D A V I D    V E R S U S    G O L I A T H

AN HISTORICAL PLAY, BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH CANADIAN PRIEST

C H A R L E S    C H I N I Q U Y

1809    --    1899

"FIFTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH OF ROME"

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"FORTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST"

by

MARGARET MOODY

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Margaret Moody  
76 Walnut Street  
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## DAVID VERSUS GOLIATH

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHARLES CHINIQUY

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Dramatis Personae.

Charles Chiniquy as a child, a boy of 7 to 9 years.  
 Charles Chiniquy as a priest, a vivacious little man.  
 Madame Chiniquy, his mother, a cultured French lady.  
 Monsieur Chiniquy, his father, a notary public and justice of the peace.  
 Father Courtois, first priest of the Murray Bay district, Quebec.  
 Dr. Tache, well known French leader and physician of St. Thomas, Quebec.  
 Father Leprohon, superior of the college of St. Nicolet, Quebec.  
 John Dougal, a large, hearty Scotchman, editor of a Montreal paper.  
 Lady Montgomery, wife of an English government official.  
 Abraham Lincoln, lawyer of Springfield, Illinois, later president of U.S.A.  
 Philomene Moffatt, an Irish servant girl.  
 The Bishop of Quebec.  
 Two French Canadian farmers and their wives.  
 Four students preparing for the priesthood.  
 Two repentant thieves.  
 Three French settlers from St. Anne, Illinois. One of these is named Bechard.  
 Curate to Father Chiniquy.  
 Manservant to Lady Montgomery.  
 The Voice of Memory.  
 The Narrator.

## I N T R O D U C T I O N

(To be read by the Narrator)

NARRATOR

Do you know that in the year 1857, there began in the Province of Quebec and in the State of Illinois, the greatest movement away from the church of Rome that has been seen since the days of Luther? The chief instrument God used to bring about this spiritual awakening was a small, fearless, French Canadian priest by the name of Charles Chiniquy. He was born in Kamoraska, Quebec in the year 1809 and, in spite of the fact that he was often mobbed and stoned and that more than forty attempts were made to kill him, he lived to the age of ninety.

In his later years he published a number of books. The one from which we have taken most of our information for this play is called,

"Fifty Years in the Church of Rome". Have you read it?

It has gone through more than sixty editions and has led to the conversion of hundreds of priests. Its publication has always met with the fiercest and most powerful opposition. This culminated at one time in the burning down of the publishing house where it was being printed. The second part of Chiniquy's life story is told in,

"Forty Years in the Church of Christ". This book gives authentic records of his extensive evangelistic work in U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand, Australia and France. Through this ministry tens of thousands of Catholics were led into the glorious light of the gospel of Christ.

We propose now, to dramatize for you a few of the most remarkable scenes from the life of this courageous man, using his own words as much as possible. Remember as you listen, that these events took place before Confederation in Canada and that he means the province of Quebec when he speaks of Canada..

(The curtain rises to show the Chiniquy family on the stage. Father at the left working at his desk; Mother to the right reading; Charles playing nearby. A large family Bible is to be seen on a lectern)

The Voice of Memory - My father was born in Quebec and studied for the priesthood in that city. But a few days before taking his vows, having witnessed great iniquity in the Church, he changed his course and became a lawyer or notary. I was born in 1809 and was taught to read by my mother, there being no school in Murray Bay, where we lived. My first reader was a beautiful Bible printed in Latin and French which my father had brought with him from Quebec. My mother selected the stories which she considered most interesting, and these I read over and over till I knew them by heart. By the age of nine I had memorized in this way most of Genesis and Exodus, several Psalms, and most of the Gospel of John.

Mrs. Chiniquy: Come Charlie. It's time for your reading lesson.

Charles: Yes mother. John's Gospel, Chapter 19:1 . (He reads) "Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged Him. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on His head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! And they smote Him with their hands." -- Mother I cannot read anymore. This is too terrible! Why did they treat the Lord Jesus so badly? The dear Saviour who loved them so much!

Mrs. C.: Because dear, they had rejected Him as their King and they were not willing to obey Him. (She continues reading) "Pilate therefore went forth again and said unto them, Behold I bring Him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in Him. Then Jesus came forth wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw Him, they cried out saying, Crucify Him, Crucify Him! Pilate saith unto them, Take ye Him, and crucify Him: for I find no fault in Him. Then the Jews answered him. We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God. -- They cried out, Away with Him, Away with Him, Crucify Him. Pilate saith unto them, shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, we have no King but Caesar. Then delivered he Him to them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led Him away." (She breaks down and they both weep.)

Charles: Mother I don't want them to crucify Jesus! But they did. Why did it have to be so?

Mrs. C.: My dear son, it is because of our sin, yours and mine. He took all our sins upon Himself and died instead of us, so that we could be forgiven and go to heaven to dwell there with Him forever.

Charles: And not go to Purgatory first, Mother?

Mrs. C.: Well, the priests tell us that we do, but, here in John's Gospel we read, "He that believeth shall not come into condemnation." Here it is chapter five verse twenty-four--You read it.

Charles: "Verily, verily, I say unto you. He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (Pause) Mother dear, I hear His Word. I believe, so I have passed from death unto life. Haven't I?

Mrs. C.: Yes, dear.

Charles: And I don't have to go to purgatory?

Mrs. C.: You will have to ask your father about that.

Mr. C.: (Leaves his desk and comes to them saying) My dear little son. I hope I am a good Catholic (crosses himself) but I cannot find purgatory in this Bible. I have read and trusted the words of this Book ever since the Father Superior of our Seminary gave it to me. It has become my daily food. I have never found a Word of it untrue. It is my most precious possession. The Lord Jesus Christ has saved my soul because I came to Him in simple faith and I know and rejoice that He has done the same for you. Reine, my dear, let us sing again that grand old hymn of praise "Oh could I speak the Matchless Worth." You play it for us. (Mrs. C. plays the violin all sing one verse of "Oh Could I Speak the Matchless Worth..")

(Knocking at door at right-- Two French farmers and wives come in. All shake hands and greet one another cordially.)

Farmer A: Monsieur Chiniquy, it is a matter of real estate we come to settle before you. You understand there are documents to be signed, etc. but we heard the singing. We would not wish to interrupt.

Mr. C.: Come then and join us in singing. (Mrs. C. plays again and all sing second and last verses. Meanwhile Farmer B looks at the Bible.)

Farmer B: Monsieur Chiniquy I see you have here a copy of the Holy Bible. It is a most rare and valuable Book. Is it not?

Mr. C.: Not so rare among the Protestants as it is with us.

Farmer A: The Protestants are dirty Heretics. Bah! (Spits).

Mrs. C.: Yes, but that is no reason why we should not enjoy the Holy Scriptures which were given to St. Peter. In our home we read them daily and my little Charles can recite many pages from memory.

Farmer B: Can he? Let's hear him--Come sonny. I'll lift you up on the chair while you recite to us.

Charles: (Recites John 3:5-8, 14-19. Breathless attention, much applause.)

Farmers and Wives: That was really fine. I would like to hear more. Yes, there are some very striking truths in that passage. Amazing words indeed! I wish I understood these things better.

Farmer A: We have no priest in this god-forsaken country-- no mass, no confession, no means of grace! What are we poor Catholics going to do?

Farmer B: I wonder whether Monsieur and Madame Chiniquy would allow us to come here frequently to sing and pray and hear the reading of the Holy Scripture. (Crosses himself.)

Farmer A: Perhaps we could gather the neighbors together every Sunday to worship the blessed Lord Jesus in this way.

Mrs. C.: Yes indeed that would be very profitable for us all.

Charles: And every week I'll learn a new chapter to recite to you.

C U R T A I N

(The curtain rises to show the Chiniquy family in their living room again. Charles is bouncing a ball in the doorway, when he stops suddenly and comes running to the center of stage, very excited.)

Charles: Papa, papa, a priest is coming!

(Mr. C. rises from his desk, goes to the door at right and welcomes the priest cordially. He brings him in and introduces him to his wife. All shake hands.)

Priest: Monsieur Chiniquy, I understand that you are the magistrate here. I am Father Courtois recently appointed to the cure of souls in this district by the Bishop of Quebec.

Mrs. C.: You are indeed welcome. We have been very isolated here and have never had a priest to administer the Holy Sacraments to us. Everyone will be glad that you have come.

Priest: (Picking up the Bible from its prominent place on the lectern, opens it.) You have a fine and valuable looking book here. What is it? Surely not a copy of the Holy Bible, Monsieur Chiniquy?

Mr. C.: Yes sir, we all read the Bible, and what is better, our little boy here has committed to memory many of its most interesting chapters. If you will allow it, Monsieur Courtois, he will recite some of them for you.

Priest: No, no! (Abruptly pushing the little boy aside) I did not come here for that purpose. Do you not know that you are forbidden by the Holy Council of Trent to read the Bible in French?

Mr. C.: It makes very little difference to me whether I read the Bible in French, Spanish, Greek or Latin, for I understand these languages equally well.

Priest: Yes, I have heard that you are a well-educated man, but surely you are not ignorant of the fact that you must not allow your child to read the Bible?

Mr. C.: There is no school here. My wife directs her own children in the reading of the Bible, and I cannot see that we shall be committing any sin if we continue to do in the future what we have done in the past in that matter.

(The priest is evidently perturbed by this unexpected retort. He paces about nervously, then faces Chiniquy, at the same time putting the Bible under his arm.)

Priest: Monsieur Chiniquy, you have taken the whole course of theology. You know that it is my painful duty as a curate to take this book away from you and burn it.

Mr. C.: Is that all you came for? Well I tell you Monsieur Courtois, I am not one of these craven French men, who bow and scrape to every priest that cares to lord it over them. My father was a bold Spaniard, captain of a warship which rendered such valuable service to the Emperor Napoleon that he gave my father these lands in Canada as a reward. There is the door by which you entered my house. Be pleased to put down my Bible and be gone. (He seizes his Bible and pushes the priest out of the door. Mrs. Chiniquy and Charles stand watching in shocked silence until he is gone, then Charles claps his hands and dances about his father in glee.)

Charles: Hurrah, hurrah, for my brave papa. That was a lovely fight. I'll tell you what it was like. It was just like David killing Goliath. Listen while I recite it for you.

(He takes his stand in the front center of the stage and gives his recitation, his mother prompting if necessary.) First Samuel chapter seventeen. David took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had, and his sling was in his hand and he drew near to the Philistine. And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he despised him, for he was but a youth and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said to David, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?" And he cursed David by his gods. And he said to David, "Come to me and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee and take thy head from thee.....that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S and He will give you into our hands." And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose and drew near to meet David that David hastened and ran to meet the Philistine; and he put his hand in his bag and took out a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David smote the Philistine and slew him, but there was no sword in the hand of David. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead they fled. (He makes his bow and sits down.)

Voice of Memory: Thou knowest, oh God, that it is to that Bible, read daily at my mother's knee, that I owe the knowledge of the Truth today. That Bible shed into my heart and mind rays of light which all the sophisms of Rome have never been able to extinguish. (A long pause followed by the Voice of Memory again.) Another scene which I shall never forget, occurred about a year later when a group of angry French neighbors came to my father to accuse the priest of the grossest sins. I had no business to be there, but because I was there I have understood from childhood that these priests whom we looked upon as holy and pure, had no power to control their own passions. I listened for two hours while these determined men consulted with their beloved and highly respected physician, Dr. Tache, and my father, as to what could be done to put an end to the scandalous behaviour of their priests.

(Knocking is heard at the door at right, Mrs. C. rises to open it. Enter Farmers A and B with their wives and Dr. Tache. All appear much excited.)

Mrs. A.: Have you heard the news? Do you know what these men did last night?

Mrs. C.: No, what happened?

Mrs. B.: Every one is talking about it. I nearly died laughing. Six of our men whipped the priest ----

Mr. C.: (Interrupting) Dr. Tache, my very dear friend, whatever brings you all the way over here from St. Thomas on such a cold night?

Mrs. C.: (Helping her friends off with their wraps) My dear, be careful what you say.

Mrs. A.: But it is perfectly true. Six of our men had decided to teach the priest a lesson, so they waited for him last night to come out of Richard's house, then they caught him and whipped him soundly.



Mrs. C.: You are telling a wicked story! I do not believe a word of it.

Mrs. B.: It's perfectly true. I heard his screams myself. They really laid on the stripes. He was screaming, "Help! Help! Murder!" But he deserved every bit of it, going night after night to visit those Richard girls. You know yourself what harlots they are.

Mrs. C.: Come away ladies, into the other room. I'll hear no more such slander. Come Charles.  
(Charles begins to follow her reluctantly, then turns back and listens to what the men are saying. The ladies go off the stage to the left.)

Dr. Tache: Indeed, sir, it is true. We did whip our priest during the night, and now we have come to you to tell us what to do next.

Mr. C.: Gentlemen, be seated please, and let me have a clear statement of this matter. (He goes to his desk and prepares to take notes. They all sit down but during the following speech, Dr. Tache becomes so angry that he rises to his feet and paces about, striking the table for emphasis.)

Dr. Tache: The subject we have come to discuss with you is a matter of life and death, not only for our own families; not only for these districts of St. Thomas and Murray Bay; but for the whole of our beautiful land of Canada.

The opinion we have reached concerning our priests is the opinion also of all thinking, intelligent men, in Canada - nay, in the whole world. I tell you sir, the reign of the priest is a reign of ignorance, of corruption, of barefaced immorality, of utter hypocrisy. In St. Thomas the reign of our priests has meant the closing of our excellent school, the degradation of our wives, the prostitution of our daughters. There is not an educated man you can name in French Canada who goes to confession regularly himself. Why, because he knows the effect it has on his home life.

Through the confessional the priest poisons the thoughts of our wives and children. He teaches them such secrets of iniquity as would terrify a hardened criminal. Before I was fifteen years old, I had learned more blackguardism from my confessor than I have learned since in more than twenty years, working as a physician.

Farmer A.: Yes indeed. We all have had similar experiences. A few days ago I questioned our little Louis as to what he had learned at his first confession, and he repeated such things to me as you could not listen to without blushing.

Farmer B.: The time has come when we must do something to break the yoke by which the priest keeps our families at his feet like slaves. It is not only the boys, but our innocent little girls of whom these polluting questions are asked. My older daughter is now twelve and she went to confession last week against my will. I had forbidden it, knowing the lessons of shame that would be engraved on her soul, leaving scars like those of a red hot iron. Her mother however insisted on it. As you know, my poor wife has come completely under the domination of the priest. She carries all her secrets and anxieties to him instead of to me, her natural advisor and confidant. Well that evening I overheard the following conversation between Lucy and her mother. "What makes you so very unhappy Lucy since you went to confession?" A long pause, then, "Child, child, why do you weep so?" My daughter continued weeping as though her heart would break, but at last, controlling her sobs she answered, "Oh mother, mother! If only you knew what he said to me! He taught me things I am ashamed to remember, yet I cannot forget them. They are like those leeches the doctor put on your chest when you had pneumonia. When you try to pull them off they tear your flesh."

Then in an agony of shame she cried out, "Oh mother, what kind of a girl does he think I am?"

At that point I could conceal my presence no longer but running to her I clasped my frightened child to my bosom and said, "Daughter, you shall never go to confession again as long as you live. Fear God; obey His voice; live daily in His presence. It is necessary only that you go to Him to confess your sins. He will not only forgive you but also strengthen you against temptation."

Then, turning to my wife I said, "Mélam, the priests have reigned in our home too long. From this moment their power shall cease. Under God, I intend to be ruler over my own family and I require a solemn promise from you that you will never again put yourself or any of our children under the power of the priest." She made the promise almost swooning from the intensity of her emotion. Now, I ask you, have I done the wrong thing? And, what do we do next?

Farmer A.: I think we should send a delegation to the Bishop and lay our case before him.

Dr. Tache: Others have tried that and failed. The bishop will either laugh at your delegation, or else remove your priest and send you another, worse than this one. This is no local problem; it concerns all French Canadians.

Mr. C.: (rising slowly to his feet, he speaks sadly and thoughtfully.) Yes, my friends, it is a national problem. To me it seems that the whole system is corrupt. That is why the Roman Catholic nations are inferior to the Protestant ones. I have pondered the matter much as I have travelled in Europe. It is evident that the more faithfully any people submit to the dictates of the hierarchy, the more rapidly does that nation sink in intelligence and morality..But gentlemen, I do not need to remind you that that hierarchy is wealthy and very powerful, ruling half the world. We are helpless to act against it. I counsel you to do nothing further at present, but wait God's time. Surely He will act to defend the honor of His only begotten Son. The time may come when we can form a really strong political organization and bring about reform legally, through pressure on the government; or, who knows, perhaps the Living God will raise up from among us some unexpected champion, who single handed, shall smite our Satanic enemy. Remember what happened to Goliath.

C U R T A I N

Voice of Memory: I had been away at school when I was called home at the age of 12 years. The previous night, my father had died very suddenly and mysteriously. My mother had been so overcome with grief that she could not attend the funeral. As we remained in the desolate house together mingling our tears and prayers, the priest, Mr. Courtois appeared at the door.

Mrs. C.: Welcome, welcome, my dear Father Courtois.

Priest: (Sympathetically) I hope, my dear Mrs. C. that you are bearing up under your afflictions. Trust in God, and all will be well. (Turning to the boy) My little boy, do you continue to read that Book? (He points to it)

Charles: Yes sir, I do. I love to read it more than playing games. (Priest moves to take it--Charles snatches it up and runs out of the room with it.)

Priest: Insolent little pup! Never mind the book just now. I'll come back for that later. Now madam, you will oblige me if you will pay at once for the prayers that have been said and the services that have been rendered for the repose of your husband's soul.

Mrs. C.: Monsieur Courtois, my husband has left me no ready money. He died only yesterday. I have nothing in hand. I pray you for the sake of my three children, give us time to pay. (Boy comes in again, very angry, hands clenched, watches priest.)

Priest: Madam, you have a very fine pedigreed cow, brought out from Scotland, one of the best breeds I have seen in Canada. Some sacrifice must be made to deliver your husband's soul from the flames of purgatory. You may give me your cow.

Mrs. C.: Oh no sir, her milk and butter form our principal food. The children love her and care for her like a pet. Do not deprive us of our only cow. We shall die of hunger. (She sits down and weeps.) (Priest goes out)

Charles: (Watching priest, cries) Oh mother, he is taking away our cow. What shall we do? Oh what shall we do? Shall I go out and fight him?

Mrs. C.: You cannot do anything child. I did not think the priest would be so cruel. But have we not often read together in the Bible that God takes care of the widow and orphan. He sees our tears, He will provide for us somehow. (She bows her head in prayer and grief, then getting up places her hands on Charles' shoulders and says) Charles, when you become a priest never be so cruel to any poor bereaved woman as this priest has been today. Will you make me that promise?

Voice of Memory: Those sad words I never forgot. Soon after that our precious Bible disappeared and I never did discover what became of it. All that we had was sold. With bitter tears and sobs I left my dear mother and young brothers. They took the boat to St. Thomas where she died soon after. I was sent to study for the priesthood in the college of Nicolet, Quebec.

C U R T A I N

Narrator: The next scene takes place in the famous old seminary of St. Nicolet in Quebec. Here Charles Chiniquy is well known as a brilliant student and dearly loved for his frank, unselfish character and his true devotion to Christ. He is now twenty years of age and ready to take his vows as a priest; but there is no peace in the heart of this earnest young acolyte. He has often discussed with his fellow students the contradictions and inconsistencies of the church of Rome and today they are prepared to voice their doubts to the venerable Father Leprohon, president of the seminary.

(The curtain rises to show several students studying in a classroom. One of them is reading the newspaper. All are dressed in long black cassocks.)

First Student: Well, did you see this? Let me read the headlines.  
"Louis Joseph Papineau says the priests are the deadliest enemies of education and liberty in Canada."

Second Student: (Stretches, gets up and looks over the other student's shoulder to read, saying as he does so:) Papineau knows all about it. He studied for the priesthood himself.

Third Student: Be careful what you say. That is rank heresy and you will get a stiff penance if I report you.

1st Student: Chiniquy, what do you think about it?

Charles Chiniquy: I think to a certain extent, Papineau is right. In her convents and colleges the church trains us from our earliest years. But to what height is a young man or woman allowed to rise? Never higher than the feet of the pope. This is the only object toward which the intelligence of a Roman Catholic is directed. The pope thinks for us. He decides everything for us. (Leaving his seat he speaks with angry emphasis) I tell you fellows, my brain rebels against the ridiculous miracles and falsehoods we are obliged to believe on the authority of the pope. The more I study this philosophy and logic, the more I think they intend to make ASSSES of every one of us.

2nd S.: I agree with you. I have been making a careful study of biography and I challenge every one of you to give me the names of the most remarkable and intelligent men who have studied in our Roman Catholic colleges, and I will prove to you that every one of them has been persecuted, excommunicated, tortured and even put to death for daring to think for themselves. Galileo, Copernicus, Pascal, Bossuet (Bishop of Meaux), Voltaire, Cavour in Italy and now Papineau in Canada.

3rd S.: Father Leprohon will be here in a minute for his lecture. Let us open our hearts to him on all these matters. He is wise and good. He loves us and knows us. Surely he has the answer to all these doubts and questions that fill our minds.

1st S.: (Who has been looking out the window) I say, there is a grand carriage drawing up to the door. What splendid horses! I wonder who it can be! (Other students crowd around window.)

2nd S.: There is a boy getting out with a very dignified looking gentleman. Must be a new student and his father.

4th S.: (appearing in the door way.) Well fellows, we have a new student, and, believe it or not, he is a Protestant.

Other Students: A Protestant! Impossible! Why does he come here?

4th S.: Father Leprohon has been corresponding with his father for months and I transcribed all the letters for him. The father is a judge of the supreme court. They live in New York.

3rd S.: It will not be long before we convert him to the true Church.

4th S.: No you cannot do that. Our Superior has given his promise under oath that nothing will be done here to shake his faith in the Protestant doctrine. The judge would not allow his son to come until he had a sworn statement that the boy's religious convictions would be respected.

2nd S.: Why should he attend our classes then? Have they no schools of their own? I don't like the idea of eating and sleeping with a condemned heretic.

Charles: I have never met a Protestant. What are they like, and what do they believe?

1st S.: Let me enlighten you then, since my home was in a Protestant town in the States for many years. Many of them have no more religion than our dogs do. They go to bed at night and get up in the morning with no more prayer to God than the horses in their stables would offer. After church, I have heard them laughing at the minister and criticising the sermon. Most of them have no reverence for Holy persons or Holy places, yet they admire our ceremonies and ritual. Many wealthy Protestants send their daughters to the good nuns, to be educated, to learn modesty and deportment. These girls are usually won over to the Catholic faith by the persuasion and prayers of the nuns, before they graduate. However there is a class of Protestant that is different. They read the Bible a great deal and worship God in their homes. Their church order is very simple, without ritual or regalia, and the buildings they use for services are very plain and cheap looking. It is no use trying to argue with them or convert them to Catholicism. They just smile sadly and quote scripture to show you where you are wrong. I have never heard of one of them turning from his faith.

2nd S.: Is it honest for our superiors to lure those Protestant girls into the convent schools in order to convert them to Catholicism, while at the same time promising that they will not interfere with their religious beliefs?

3rd S.: Here comes Father Leprohon now. Let us put this and all our other questions to him right away.

(Enter Father Leprohon, dressed in his robes. All the boys stand and bow respectfully. They remain standing till he bids them be seated.)

Father L.: Charles, I have just registered a new student. At the close of this lecture you are to go to him, make him acquainted with our curriculum and rules. Introduce him to the other young men and begin teaching him French. You know enough English to understand him pretty well. Try to become his friend and win him over to the Catholic faith. He is George Pike, son of Judge Pike and heir to an immense fortune. His father is a very influential man in the United States and great results for the promotion of our church will follow his conversion.

Charles: Sir, have you not made a promise to his father that you will do nothing to change the religion of this young man?

Father L.: (smiling affably) Be seated boys. When you shall have studied more theology you will know that Protestantism is not a religion, but the denial of religion. Protesting against doctrine is no doctrine. Now you see, when I promised Judge Pike that I would not interfere with his son's religious beliefs, I did promise the easiest thing in the world, for I promised not to meddle with a thing which had no existence. As you well know, there is no salvation outside the church of Rome. EXTRA ECCLESIA NULLA SALUS. Repeat it after me all of you.

Students: Extra ecclesia nulla salus.

11

Father L.: Yes, there is no salvation outside the church of Rome. Therefore we should make superhuman efforts to attract young Protestants to our schools, nunneries and colleges as the shortest and surest way of gaining control over the governments of this world, that eventually the Pope may bring all men to the feet of Christ. (Pause) Have you any other difficulties you would like me to clear up for you?

3rd S.: Sir, we have been discussing the rule that an inferior must always obey his superior. Supposing my superior should command me to do something dishonest or even wicked, breaking God's law thereby; shall I not be punished by God for disobeying Him?

Father L.: No, you will never have to answer to God for doing what someone else tells you to do. Remember only the basic law of all theology: OBEDIENCE.

Charles: Another matter, sir. As you know, I have been put in charge of the library and you particularly told me that I must never read any of the books on the list marked forbidden. But I have disobeyed you by examining these books carefully and I find that they are the very books most profitable for instruction in righteousness. I have never dared to speak of it to any one until now. My dear Mr. Leprohon, you have been like a father to me--paying my fees and helping me continually. You are indeed my dearest friend and benefactor--my teacher whom I love and respect--Let I have greatly deceived you. In that library I found a Bible like the one that was stolen from my father's home. I lifted it to my lips, I pressed it to my heart as one embraces an old friend. I have been reading it since then, every time I get a chance. Now sir you have made us study and memorize books which were inspired by hell, but you forbid us to read the only book sent from heaven. This is true of all the superiors of the colleges. I must confess that your fear of the Bible shakes my faith.

Father L.: I have ruled this college for over 20 years and never have heard from a student such rebellious words.

Charles: That is because, sir, the other students do not know what they are missing and I do. I know by personal experience that there is no book so good, so proper to be read. I have found much in it to make me weep with joy and happiness: things that have done me more good than all the books I have studied in your classes for the past 6 years. How dare you keep it from us!

Father L.: My dear Charles. You know that I have loved you as my own son. But today you have filled me with dismay. Your arguments have a force that frightens me. If I had to answer you from my own thoughts I should not know how to do it, but I have the word of our Holy Father the Pope. He has forbidden us to put the Bible in the hands of our students. That is my final word on the matter. That must suffice you. (Chiniquy bows, crosses himself and sits down.)

2nd S.: Honored Father, there is another subject we have resolved to discuss with you today, if you will be patient enough to hear us further. That is this vow of celibacy we are to make next week. Sir, you have presented the life of celibacy to us as the only way to heaven, yet common sense, as well as the scriptures tell us that it is not necessary. This vow has never made any priest of our acquaintance holy, but on the contrary, as you know only too well sir, it has led to such scandalous behaviour as is the chief topic of gossip in French Canada.

Father L.: This vow of celibacy is based on your precious Bible, Chiniquy. Did not Christ say to His disciples, "There are some who have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake?" Jesus was in these words warning His disciples against one of the most damnable errors.

Charles: (excitedly interrupting) But sir, that was merely stating what some had done voluntarily. He did not suggest even, that any of them make such a vow. They were married men, even St. Peter; and did not the apostle Paul say that he had the right to lead about a wife? It seems a very strange thing to me that our church should attach supreme importance to a vow which we look for in vain in both the Old and New Testaments.

Father L.: (white with anger, scarcely able to speak for passion) You speak as a cursed heretic. You refer to the Scriptures continually, as a Protestant would do; appealing to them as if they were the only source of truth. Do you not remember that we must be guided by the traditions of the Church? You are not permitted to argue about these matters but are commanded to obey the church. Chiniquy, tell me, is it you who is teaching the Church or is the church teaching you? Are you governing the church, or is the church governing you? You are rebelling against Christ as Lucifer did. How dare you reason with your Maker? (Turns and walks about in fury while the boys cower before him). Just understand this one thing, If you submit to your superiors and obey the Church in every matter of life and conduct, I promise you Chiniquy, that you will be raised to great dignity and power, higher than the kings and emperors of this world, for you are a man of great natural gifts. BUT IF NOT, if you continue to listen to your own reason you will be LOST TO ALL ETERNITY. (He turns and walks abruptly off the stage, while young Chiniquy sinks to the floor in an agony of fear and despair)

(CURTAIN is drawn slowly during following reading.)

Narrator: What an alternative! What hopeless despair! Oh that some child of God might have gone to him at this time saying, "Fear not, there IS life outside the church of Rome. There are other churches, and other Christians who will welcome you." But no such word reached him. Charles Chiniquy took his vows, silenced his conscience and his reason and remained for thirty years a faithful and obedient priest of the Church of Rome. What submission! What renunciation! What amazing obedience to an earthly superior! Oh Christian friends, how much more should you and I yield our wills to the loving Saviour who died for us. "I beseech you brethren that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."



Voice of Memory: During the next twenty years as I laboured among my own people, I came into contact several times with Protestants whose uprightness of character, and happy assurance that God had forgiven their sins through the substitutionary death of the Lord Jesus Christ, caused me to doubt seriously the doctrine that outside the Church of Rome there is no salvation. For instance, there was Dr. Douglas, Superintendent of the Quebec Marine Hospital during the terrible cholera epidemics of 1832 and 33. He honored me with his confidence and friendship for years as we laboured together among the sick and dying. I have never seen a larger heart or a nobler mind than his. It was through his help and instruction that I began my great work of forming Temperance Societies. He proved to me by actual experiment, the great harm done to the human body by alcoholic poisoning, and I began to lecture to my parishoners on the subject, with such success that in the various districts which I served, the saloons had to close down for lack of customers. God greatly blessed these lectures. The public press was loud in my praise and my temperance societies were organized throughout the land. My own superiors, however, were bitterly opposed to this reform movement and their attitude burdened me with anxiety, until one day I had an unexpected visitor. (Curtain rises as John Dougal enters and Chiniquy comes forward to shake hands with him) He was a huge Scotchman with a happy, honest face and a noble forehead.

John Dougal: I have been asked to come and visit you, Father Chiniquy, in the name of the English speaking people of Quebec. I am to tell you of our great admiration for the excellent work you are carrying on. Intoxicating drinks are the curse of this young country: the most deadly foe of every home: the ruin of the rich families and the destruction of the poor ones. Alcohol kills the body and damns the soul. Now we know that you are facing great opposition from your superiors and fellow priests and we admire you all the more for that. Only be strong and of good courage, for God Himself is working with you. You cannot fail when you have on your side the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. You are no doubt sowing in tears but you shall reap a rich harvest. Though many may revile and persecute you, remember that there are many more praying for you day and night, asking God to pour out His abundant blessing upon you.

Chiniquy: Thank you sir. You astonish me with your kindness and sympathy. I am overwhelmed to learn that you take so much interest in me when I do not even know who you are. I had not heard of any Scottish Catholics in Canada.

John Dougal: (With a hearty laugh) Catholic nothing! Just wait till my wife hears this one. I am a Protestant, sir. John Dougal from Montreal, editor of a Christian paper, the Weekly Witness. But I must not trespass further on your time. You are a very busy man. Good-bye and God bless you. May He lead you on in the way of truth. (He hurries away while Chiniquy in deep thought watches him go.)

Chiniquy: So the Protestants are praying for me. Those whom we call cursed heretics are praying for me, and they expect God to hear their prayers. What an amazing thing! (Pause) Oh you proud bishops of the Church of Rome, in what way is your holiness superior to that of this gracious, influential business man, who takes time off from his many responsibilities in order to come down to Beauport and tell me that he is praying for me. Does he not show more of the grace and humility of the Lord Jesus Christ than any one of our heirarchy has done in this matter? Yet I have been very zealous in trying to convert these Protestants to the true church. (He remains seated at his desk reading and pondering these things during the Narrator's reading)

Narrator: The years 1834 to 36 are remembered in Quebec for a series of daring robberies and murders which filled the whole population with terror. Cruel assassinations were committed time and again by a bloodthirsty gang of thieves, so clever and so well organized that they succeeded in escaping the police for several years. Eventually five of them were captured, tried, found guilty and condemned to death. But two of them escaped and were never heard of again. It was they who contacted Father Chiniquy on a very dark night, which he looked back upon ever after, as being one of the brightest in his life.

(Lights very dim, the door to the right opens slowly and silently. A man with a mask over his face peers around it cautiously. Seeing that Chiniquy is alone he beckons to someone else to follow him and walks toward the priest, the second thief keeping watch at the door.)

Chiniquy: (startled) What does this mean? Have you come to murder me?



1st Thief: Keep quiet. Promise you will not cry for help, and we swear before God that we shall do you no harm. Don't be afraid. We came to you for help. Listen mister, you can save our lives as well as our souls if you want to do it. Outside here we have a carriage standing, see. Inside it are all the silver articles and gold currency that has been stolen by us these past three years. What we want to know is whether you will take it off our hands.

2nd Thief:(excitedly) The police are on our track. We are in great danger of being caught. For God's sake good priest, we beseech you to help us.

Chiniquy: You wish to slip the noose around my neck, and take it off your own. Is that it? Why should I be arrested as a receiver of stolen goods?

1st Thief:No. No. You do not understand. The stuff is to be returned to the owners. We have labelled everything accurately. We want you to return the things to the people who have been robbed. When you have finished we shall leave the country and begin a new life. You are the only man in Quebec whom we can trust with this terrible secret. We know you well; but you will never know who we are, and we will not compromise you in any way. Please will you do it, for Jesus' sake?

Chiniquy: But why? What is your motive in doing this?

2nd Thief:It is because we want God to forgive us and save our souls from hell; so first we have to give back all the stuff we have stolen. Don't we? I'll fetch them. (He goes out)

Chiniquy: Still I cannot understand what you are here for. Have you come to me to make auricular confession, so that I may absolve you from this sin?

1st Thief:No. No. There is no need of that. I guess we must be Protestants, maybe. At any rate the Lord Jesus Christ has already forgiven us for our sins, but He has told us to take everything back. So now you understand, will you promise to deliver these things to the owners for us or not? Do say you will. There is not a moment to lose. We must not be seen here.

Chiniquy: Well, even though you are not Catholics, you shall learn tonight that the Catholic priest whom you have trusted with your lives will not refuse to help you. Your story is fantastic, but I believe it.

(As one thief drags in the heavy bundles the other talks earnestly to Father Chiniquy)

1st Thief: See, there is a ticket on every one, to show you where each parcel is to be taken. This is the heaviest one. It's the melted silver from the statue of the Virgin, the candlesticks, and all the other articles stolen February 10 from your Roman Catholic chapel. This has the silver plates, fruit baskets, pots for tea, coffee, and sugar, twelve sterling silver forks and spoons taken from Lady Montgomery's residence, March 18th last.

2nd Thief:(Bringing in the last parcel, counts them) One, two, three, four, five, six. That is all. Oh what a relief to get rid of it at last. How good the Lord has been to us! How wonderful that He should have mercy on our souls, when we are such sinners, such terrible sinners! Guilty before God and man.

1st Thief:God bless you a thousand times for helping us. Jesus Christ has saved our souls and He led us to you to save our lives. Such a wonderful Saviour!

Chiniquy: How is it you can both be so sure that your sins are forgiven? This is not possible except there be first many prayers, penances, auricular confession, and at the last, absolution pronounced by a priest ordained of God.

2nd Thief:Yes, I have always thought something like that ought to be done. I never knew exactly what. Everybody tells you something different: but now we have found out what God says. He says that the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanses us from all sin; ALL SIN. Think of it! That is in the Bible, and it is true.

1st Thief:You see, mister. We have been hiding from the police in an old shack for days. Nothing to eat and nothing to do. And we found a New Testament there. Here it is. Part of it is torn off and it is very dirty, but we read it all the time. It says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." So we just came to Jesus, both of us, just like He told us to do, and He did give us rest. What more can you do for us than that?

2nd Thief: We must get away from your house quickly. Thank you again. God will help you to do a good job. You will never see us on earth again, but you will see us in heaven for sure. Won't that surprise everybody? I'll tell you how we found out about that. Give me the book a minute. (The other fellow hands it to him and they both peer at it turning over the ragged pages.) Here it is. Listen: "God who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, has quickened us together with Christ. By grace ye are saved. And hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

1st Thief: (As they go out) It seems just too good to be true, but God said it. Good-night, Mister.

Chiniquy: (Dragging the packages into the inner room to hide them.) Some of these are too heavy for me to lift. I shall send a messenger early tomorrow morning to the secretary of the Archbishop to come and get this loot, and another to Lady Montgomery, to send a carriage for her stuff. I wonder! Have I been deceived by these men? Have I gone beyond the bounds of prudence in helping them? No, I think not. I have never before seen such sincerity, such an assurance of sins forgiven. (He sits down at his desk thoughtfully) How strange it is that such wicked men should be able to pray, and repent, and find peace with God apart from any human help! It would seem that these poor wretches have obtained the forgiveness of their sins and eternal life simply through looking to the risen Saviour. I have absolved thousands of penitents, yet never has one of them looked at me with such an expression of joy and peace as these fellows have. Are we putting too much stress on the use of indulgences, scapulars, holy waters, signs of the cross, auricular confessions, prayers to the Virgin, prayers to the saints, crucifixes, penances, absolutions and the rest? Can it be that these external things only distract the mind and heart from Jesus Christ who is the real source of our salvation? It may be so. It may be so. Well, I must try to get some sleep now, and get rid of those parcels first thing to-morrow morning. If the police don't come before I dispose of them, I shall be very thankful. (He goes out, left).

Narrator: Next morning Lady Montgomery drove up to the priest's humble dwelling in her elegant carriage, bringing with her two trusty menservants as she had been requested to do.

(Loud knocking at the outside door is answered by Father Chiniquy, coming in from the left. He admits a servant in livery.)

Servant: I am instructed to ask for the Reverend Charles Chiniquy.

Chiniquy: I am he.

Servant: Lady Montgomery, your reverence. (Admitting his mistress, he steps outside and remains by the door.)

Lady Montgomery: (shaking hands) Father Chiniquy, I am greatly puzzled to know why you sent for me. I am sure you would not do so without a very good reason, yet your message was so mysterious. It gave me no clue as to your purpose.

Chiniquy: Yes, Madam. I did not wish to be discourteous but I am sworn to secrecy on this matter. You see, the lives of two poor fellows hang on my keeping their identity secret. If you will please be seated Madam, I will come to the point at once. (He goes into the inner room and drags out the heavy sack containing the Montgomery treasures.) This bundle, Madam, is addressed to you. Let us open it so that you may examine the contents. (He does so, setting on the table a fine silver tray, teapot, coffee pot, etc.) Madam, do you recognize these things?

Lady Montgomery: (astonished as she picks them up one at a time and examines them) Of course I do! They are our family heirlooms, priceless antiques, that were stolen from my home the night of March 18th. Oh sir, that was a terrifying experience. I shall never forget it. Often I wake in the middle of the night trembling lest those bloodthirsty thieves should attack us again. We had had a dinner party, and all the guests had gone home. It was very late as my maid and I were putting away the silver in the cabinets, intending to lock everything up before we went to bed. Then suddenly, from the hallway, two armed thieves jumped upon us! Throwing us to the floor, they bound our hands and gagged us. Then they rolled us both up in the huge living room carpets. We were almost suffocated with the dust and weight of the carpets, but there we lay all night unable to move or make a sound. In the morning the servants found us and released us more dead than alive after our terrible experience. The whole house had been ransacked and every valuable thing in it had been carried away. The police have never found a clue as to who did it. But here everything

is set before me again just as if it had all been borrowed by a friend. You must give me some explanation sir, as to how these things came into your possession.

Chiniquy: All I can tell you, is that those two hardened criminals have been dealt with by the Living God. They have repented and are trying to make restitution as far as possible.

Lady Montgomery: (hears this in amazement, then wiping the tears from her face, speaks very slowly) I am almost overcome to hear this. It is utterly astonishing. Yet with God all things are possible. How I prayed for those men during that terrible night! How often I have prayed for them since, especially when I read in the papers of some new outrage being committed! How foolish and hopeless it all seemed, yet the Lord kept reminding me of them. Now see what He has wrought! Where sin abounded there did grace much more abound. Thank you for bringing me over here, sir. Thank you for giving me this delightful news. Could we not kneel down together and thank God for this amazing manifestation of His grace?

Chiniquy: I should be only too happy to pray for you madam (fingering his beads). Holy Mary, mother of God, hear us now and in the hour of our death. Holy Mary, mother of God, blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.....

Lady Montgomery: (interrupting him) A-hem! (Chiniquy looks up in astonishment and watches her as she prays very earnestly) Dear Lord Jesus, we just want to thank you for this wonderful answer to prayer. Thank you for saving those poor fellows and for letting me know about it. Bless them right now, Lord, wherever they are. Lead them to someone who can give them the spiritual help they need. Bless this honest priest and lead him out into the full light of the glorious gospel of Christ. Now we know that you will hear us because we come in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. (They rise, Chiniquy is still too confused to speak. Lady Montgomery continues cheerfully) Now, sir, I brought a gift with me for you, which I hope you are willing to accept. It is the most precious treasure earth affords, and I wish to show my gratitude for this great service you have done me. (Calling) James! (He opens the door) Where is that parcel I gave you?

Servant: Here it is, madam. (He hands her a large and beautifully bound Bible)

Lady Montgomery: (Giving it to the priest) It is a copy of the English Bible. Will you accept it and will you read it?

Chiniquy: Of course I shall madam, and treasure it greatly. (He takes it and examines it) What a beautiful copy! How well it is bound! I shall read it daily. Thank you, my dear Lady Montgomery. I do not know how to express my gratitude.

Lady Montgomery: That's all right. I must go now; but you read the book of Romans, will you? Good-bye, sir. (She turns to go out the door and says to her servant) He really ought to read the book of Romans first. Don't you think so, James? (Chiniquy watches them go, speechless, then turns around and sees the silver still lying on his table.)

Chiniquy: (calling her back) Madam, my whole purpose in bringing you here was to give you this silver and now you are going away without it.

Lady Montgomery: (returns laughing) I forgot all about it. Come, James, and lug it out. Be careful how you handle it now. That stuff is worth thousands of dollars. Wait, I'll call the coachman to help you.

(They gather the silver things together quickly and carry them away)

Chiniquy: (comes back into the room shaking his head in amazement) I am completely dumfounded. What strange behaviour! I have never come across anyone like this before in all my life. (Imitating her) 'I think he ought to read the book of Romans. Don't you James?' Oh la, la! That is all the respect he has for God's anointed priest! What a woman! (Pause). Yet she herself prays directly to God, and according to the evidence I saw last night, God hears and answers her prayers. This cultured, aristocratic, Englishwoman, prays straight to very God, as simply and as humbly as a little child.....and God hears her! Strange!

Narrator: It is now twenty seven years since Charles Chiniquy took his vows in the seminary of St. Nicolet. During this period he has served the districts of Charlesborough, St. Roche, Kamouraska, Beauport and in the fall of 1850 he preached in the cathedral of Montreal a sermon which made him famous, setting forth the Virgin Mary's power to intercede for sinners. That night, while the whole city sang his praises, the Holy Spirit wrestled with Charles Chiniquy showing him scriptures which contradicted every point he had made in his masterful sermon, proving to him that Christ alone is able to save sinners and that Christ alone hears and answers prayer. His doubts concerning the doctrines of Rome were increasing. The chains that bound him to his idols were loosening but not yet broken.

He was now the best known and most honored priest of his generation. Protestants and Catholics united in singing his praises, because of the wonderful work he had done in temperance and educational reform throughout the province of Quebec, as we call it. Several times the Pope had offered him the office of bishop, but he had refused this high honor because, knowing the corrupt lives of the priests, he was not willing to be responsible for their discipline. Believing that he could serve God with more freedom preaching directly to the French people, preach he did, and thousands came to hear him. As his light increased he based his sermons more and more on the Scriptures and distributed the New Testament freely everywhere he went. Then ~~in the year~~ an amazing proposition was made to him by the Bishop of Quebec, acting for the Pope.

(The curtain is drawn to show the bishop, in full regalia, seated upon his throne, surrounded by priests, raising his two fingers in blessing, as Chiniquy makes obeisance before him.)

Charles: You sent for me, my Lord Bishop.

Bishop: Yes. As you know I have just returned from a visit to the Vatican, and while I was in Rome I received a gift for you from His Holiness the Pope, and also a new commission. The work you have done in forming temperance societies has reached the ears of His Holiness and he has given you the title, Apostle of Temperance, and bade me bring you this jewelled crucifix, blessed by his own lips. (Chiniquy steps forward, receives the crucifix, kisses it reverently, bows low and steps back.) He asked me how it is that you wield such mighty power over his followers in Canada, and I told him that it is because of your unusual natural gifts and truly unimpeachable character that you have reached the highest place in the affections of the people here that any priest has ever attained. (Pause) But, my dear little friend there are other matters which I did not mention to his Holiness: and you can be thankful that I refrained, for I might have brought down the pontiff's wrath upon you instead of his blessing. One of these is the undisputable fact that you have been distributing among your parishoners copies of the New Testament. You are the only priest living today who dares to do that.

Charles: But, my Lord Bishop -- (He is interrupted).

Bishop: SILENCE. I had not finished addressing you. Very damaging reports have reached my ears lately concerning your preaching. I hear that you do not lay much emphasis on such cardinal doctrines as the immaculate conception, purgatory, obedience to superiors, auricular confession, and transubstantiation. This is Protestantism, Father Chiniquy! SHEER PROTESTANTISM. (He pounds the table and shouts angrily.) Either you give up these practises at once or I shall interdict you.

Charles: My Lord, Bishop..You cannot deal with me so. Why should any priest be condemned for preaching and distributing the Holy Scriptures. Rather it is the duty of every priest to do this. Since the Pope asked you the secret of my power over the French people I tell you my Lord--it is the power of the Gospel of Christ.

CHARLES: (continuing) There is no preaching as effective as that which is inspired by the Lord God Himself. If you dare to trample all the laws of Christ under your feet by trying to excommunicate me, I shall teach you such a lesson as you shall never forget. Can your Lordship see that flag flying out there over the Post Office? Since Britain conquered French Canada remember we are no longer under the heel of the Pope. Thank God the Union Jack has replaced the bloody cross of the Inquisition. If you dare to interfere with the work of the only honest priest in Quebec I will carry the case to the Supreme Court. My trust is in God Himself. He will never leave me nor forsake me. (a long pause) But you said you had a commission for me from the Pope, are you not going to tell me what it is?

Bishop: (Sulkily) There is a letter here from His Holiness. (To messenger) Read it to him, in the presence of these witnesses.  
(A priest steps to the center of the stage and reads the following letter.)

To the Reverend Father Chiniquy  
Apostle of Temperance, Canada.

You are aware that the whole valley of the Mississippi is one of the richest and most fertile lands in the world. In the near future, those regions, which are now a comparative wilderness, will be the granary, not only of the United States, but of the whole world and the men who will possess them will become the rulers of this great republic. It is our intention to quietly take possession of those magnificent regions in the name, and for the benefit of, our Holy Church. There is every year an increasing tide of emigration from the Catholic countries of Europe to the United States. Unfortunately, until now our emigrants have too often scattered themselves among the Protestants, who too often destroy their faith. Why should we not induce them to come and take possession of the fertile states of Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas. If our plan succeeds, our Holy Church will soon count her children by ten or twenty million, and through their numbers, their wealth and unity, will rule everything. Then our Holy Church will rule the United States, as She is called by the Saviour Himself to rule the whole world. There is today a tide of emigrants from Canada to the United States which if not well directed may throw your good French Canadians into the mire of Protestantism.

Put yourself at the head of the emigrants from Canada, France and Belgium. Prevent them from settling among the Protestants and you will soon have a Roman Catholic colony whose size, wealth, and influence will amaze the world. God Almighty has wonderfully blessed your labours in Canada; but that work is now done. He presents to your ambition a not less great and noble work in the United States. Make use of your great influence over your countrymen to induce them to settle in Illinois. You will then lay the foundation of a French Roman Catholic colony which will revive the fading glories of the Church of Rome.

Consider what I propose to you before God. Also consider this matter as strictly confidential until we have brought our plans into execution. Copies of this letter are being sent to the bishops of Chicago, Boston, Buffalo and Detroit.

Chiniquy: (falling on his knees, cries out in despair) Oh my Lord Bishop, what does this mean? Is this just a scheme to get rid of me because I have tried to bring about reform in the church? Am I to be exiled from my beloved Canada to go to the wild unsettled prairies of Illinois? Is this assignment irrevocable?

Bishop: (haughtily) It is.

Chiniquy: (after a pause) Then my Lord, at least give me your blessing before I go.

Bishop: May God Almighty bless you wherever you go, in all you do, till the end. Amen.

C U R T A I N

ACT II SCENE 3

Voice of Memory: So in 1851 I set out to found a French Roman Catholic colony at Kankakee, south of Chicago, in Illinois, on a scale grand enough to control the government of that state. At first 500 families went with me from Canada but they were joined later by others until my people numbered over 75,000. The design of His Holiness was to direct the ever increasing tide of immigrants to the south and west of Lake Michigan until we could link up with the Catholic settlements in Louisiana. We soon began to prosper, for the land was rich and developing rapidly. We built schools and churches. I gave every family a Bible and urged them to read it and teach it to their children. Tens of thousands of Irish Catholics were directed to the settlements near Chicago and after a while an Irish Bishop was appointed to rule the state of Illinois. This Bishop O'Regan and his priests soon began to cast covetous eyes on the holdings of the French settlers, and they were robbed of lands, buildings and sacred church ornaments until instead of unity there sprang up a great hatred between the French and Irish Catholics. In fact, Bishop O'Regan became so notoriously wicked that I compiled a complete record of his crimes and sent it to the Pope. A copy of this document I sent also to the Emperor of France, Napoleon III, appealing to him to intercede at the Vatican for us. Meantime O'Regan continued to persecute us, as you shall see.

(Father Chiniquy is writing at his desk when the curtain rises. A delegation of French settlers enters. He receives them with his blessing)

1st Frenchman: Dear Father Chiniquy, we have come to warn you that you are in great personal danger. We have just heard that Cardinal O'Regan is going to throw you into jail and destroy our colony. He has sworn that he will crush you and you know that he has the power to do it.

2nd Frenchman: (wringing his hands) It is a devilish plot! We shall all lose our homes, our farms, our liberty, everything!

1st Frenchman: We beseech you sir, fly for your life at once. There is no time to lose. They are coming to arrest you during the night. After once they get you in their clutches they will never let you go. We heard that you are to be carried off secretly tonight to Urbana and lodged in the jail there until next May when the court sits. Then some trumped-up charge will be brought against you and you will be sentenced to life imprisonment, or hung. O'Regan has already bribed false witnesses to impeach your moral character there. He dare not do it at St. Annes or Kankakee, where you are so well known, for he knows that the whole populace would rise up in rebellion.

2nd Frenchman: Far be it from me to rebuke my beloved Father Confessor, but see what your boldness has got us into. You are the only priest who has dared to resist Cardinal O'Regan and I fear you are lost. We all admire your courage, but you have gone too far in this and now there is no hope. No hope for any of us!

Chiniquy: (dropping his head on his arms in despair as he listens) What shall I do? What can I do? There is no one on earth can help me. I doubt whether there is a lawyer in all America who would be courageous enough to defend me against O'Regan. And even if there were such a man, I could never pay him. I have completely exhausted my funds in this battle already. Oh my God! Have you left me to stand alone in this war with Anti-Christ?

(Chiniquy falls fainting to the floor. With exclamations of dismay the others try to help him. His curate comes in with a glass of water. He and the 2nd French settler bend over the priest while the other two men talk together aside. Then as Chiniquy rises to his feet again the 3rd settler goes over to him putting his hand affectionately on his shoulder.)

3rd Frenchman: Dear Father Chiniquy. You shall not stand alone in this fight. We are resolved to stand with you, and I am sure that there are many others among your people who will take a stand against this tyranny. After all, this America is supposed to be a free country. That is why we came here. No man can be falsely accused and condemned without a fair trial. That is part of the Constitution of the United States. Sir, my suggestion is that we place this whole case in the hands of Abraham Lincoln and ask him to defend you.

Chiniquy: Abraham Lincoln! Who is he?

3rd Frenchman: Well, he is a Protestant, but he may be able to save you if he is willing to take your case. Have you never heard of him? He lives at Springfield. He is an honest man, utterly fearless, and the very best lawyer in the whole United States.



2nd Frenchman: There is no time to lose. Will you authorize me to telegraph at once?

Chiniquy: Yes, by all means let us get in touch with him. I know not which way to turn.

2nd Frenchman: (who has been busily writing) How is this? "Will you defend my life and honor at Urbana in May? Charles Chiniquy." (The others assent to it) Now I will send this telegram off at once and bring you a reply as soon as possible. (He hurries away)

Chiniquy: Brethern, we know that our case is desperate. What can we do except lay it before Almighty God. After all, the battle is not ours but the Lord's. (They all kneel in prayer)

Narrator: Within an hour the messenger had returned.

(2nd Frenchman comes in joyfully waving a telegram. The others rise from their knees)

3rd Frenchman: What! A reply from Lincoln already! Read us the message.

2nd Frenchman: (reads) "I WILL DEFEND YOUR LIFE AND HONOR AT THE COURT OF URBANA NEXT MAY. Signed, ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

(Exclamations of praise and thankfulness to God)

Voice of Memory: I was taken prisoner then by the sheriff of Champaign County and spent six long months at Urbana as a criminal at the feet of my judges. During that time every abuse and insult was heaped upon my poor head. Mr. Lincoln soon came to me there and I began from the first to trust him and even to love him deeply. He was a giant in stature, but still more a giant in noble qualities of heart and mind, being full of sympathy, kindness and real wisdom.

(Lincoln enters during these words and greets Chiniquy warmly)

Lincoln: Well, Mr. Chiniquy, you are having a pretty rough time of it these days. I hear they are trying to make your life in the prison a perfect hell for you.

Chiniquy: Nay, rather say that the Lord Jesus Christ has made it a perfect heaven to me, Mr. Lincoln, for His glory fills this dismal cell as I spend the hours in prayer and meditating on the scriptures. You see, sir, they have not been able to take away my dear Bible from me. But tell me. Why is it that you have undertaken to defend a poor fellow of whom you never heard before, and who may never be able to pay you?

Lincoln: You are no stranger to me. For years I have followed your career in the newspapers watching with great interest your conflict with your superiors. I know you to be an utterly fearless defender of the rights of the French colonists in their long struggle against that robber and murderer, Bishop O'Regan. The battle is going to be a long and bitter one, be sure of that, my friend, but I believe your cause is just and that is why I am willing to defend you. As for payment, I'll pinch some rich man to meet your bill. (Laughs)

Chiniquy: I am very grateful to you sir, for I know that this action may cost thousands of dollars, and I have heard that you are the very best lawyer in the United States.

Lincoln: The ugliest you mean. (Laughs). Well, you will need more than a good lawyer to defend you against these devils. I marvel at your courage in tackling them, especially now that I have seen you. I had not expected to find you such a little fellow. Tell me something. Is it true that you are secretly a Protestant?

Chiniquy: I am a faithful Catholic priest, loyally keeping all my vows and all the rules of our church. I have defied the bishops to find any legal grounds on which they can excommunicate me. By the help of God I shall never bear the shame of excommunication, for I am an American citizen as well as a priest of God. If necessary I shall appeal to the supreme court to defend my good name. But after the battle is won I intend to publicly repudiate this corrupt hierarchy and step out into the freedom to which my Lord and Saviour invites me.

Lincoln: (slapping his knee and shouting with joy) Ho! Ho! Ho! I have never the like of this before. You are the most amazing little priest! This beats David and Goliath all hollow. This is rich!

Chiniquy: Sir, it is no laughing matter. I may be tortured and put to a shameful death and so may you, if you defend me.

Lincoln: Yes, yes indeed. They will do their worst, but I doubt whether they will have much success. Almighty God is on your side and He may preserve you to the age of ninety years, and use you to lead such a mass movement away from the church of Rome as has not been seen since the days of Luther. However, we must get down to business now and consider your case in detail. (They both sit down at the table) The bishops are attempting to prove you guilty of immoral conduct. Tomorrow morning they intend to bring in a Madam Bosse to testify against you. She will probably swear under oath that you attempted to do the most infamous things with her and that is the most difficult kind of evidence to refute. Although it is pure perjury, your danger is great. Madam Bosse is a skilful liar and has been trained well, so I hear. She will so play upon the sympathies of the jury that they will be sure to find you guilty, unless in some way we can prove her to be lying. The only evidence that could be used in refuting this charge would be that of someone who has been an eyewitness of her perjury and is bold enough to say so before the court. And that witness must be found before 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Chiniquy: That is utterly impossible. Oh, what shall I do? Oh, the shame of it! Oh, the disgrace of it! I fear there is no hope for me. No hope whatever. (He sinks down on a chair in utter despair.)

Lincoln: (Striding about the room) Yes. There is great danger that you will be hung, even though I and thousands of others know perfectly well that you are innocent. The enemy has planned this attack on your honor with devilish cleverness. My good priest, there is only one thing we can do. That is to put your case in the hands of Almighty God, and ask Him to defend you. I tell you plainly, I cannot save you, neither can any other man save you from these vultures. I must leave you now and go back to the hotel. I shall be back to-morrow morning. (He leaves the room sadly)

Chiniquy: (Falling on his knees and praying) Oh, Lord, save me! Oh, Lord, help me! I have put my trust in Thee. From Thee cometh my salvation. Thou only art my shield and my defence. I am Thy servant, Lord. Let me not be put to shame before them that hate Thee. For Thine own glory Lord, vindicate Thy servant now. I pray Thee in Jesus name.

(While he is still on his knees the narrator speaks)

Narrator: In this way the despairing priest spent the rest of that long day and most of the night, but at three A.M. the most amazing thing happened. Abraham Lincoln returned to the prison with a visitor.

Lincoln: (Rushing into the room with Miss Philomene Moffatt behind him.) Bless the Lord, Father Chiniquy. You are saved. I found this most courageous and intelligent young woman in the foyer of the hotel. She has already routed your enemies. Your accusers have fled the city. The news will be in all the morning papers that your innocence has been established. This is the most delightful turn of events. (Rubbing his hands in joy)

Chiniquy: (Gasping and staggering to his feet) How can this be so? Whatever can have happened in so short a time?

Lincoln: (introducing) This is Miss Philomene Moffatt, a most sensible and intelligent young woman, an exceptional young woman --- of Irish extraction I believe. Tell the good priest your story, my dear.

Philomene: Well, sir. My home is in Chicago, and last night as I was getting supper ready the Irish news-boys were shouting on the street, "Extra! Extra! Read all about it. French priest to hang! Chiniquy to hang!" So I said to my father, "That's a shame now, indeed it is, for I know that the man is innocent." And my father asks me "How do you know it?" and I says, "because last month when I was working for Madam Bosse, two priests came to call on her. I was sitting sewing in the back room and they did not know that I was there. I heard the priests offer Madam Bosse 160 acres of good farm land if she would swear a false oath against Chiniquy. They asked her to sign a statement which they had prepared beforehand." She said "But there is not a word of truth in it. I have never seen the man." Nevertheless she signed it and got the deed to the land." When my father heard that he said, "Get your bonnet, girl, we are going up to Urbana on the next train, and tell Mr. Lincoln all this." So we came to Urbana and went to the hotel to find a room. There in the lounge was Madame Bosse with the same two priests. When she saw me, she shrieked and fainted. Later the priests came to my father and offered him \$500 if he would take me home again right away. But just as we started out to hunt for Mr. Lincoln he came into the hotel, himself.



Lincoln: My dear young lady, you came to Urbana just in the nick of time. Once more we see how God protects and delivers the innocent. I rejoice with you, Chiniquy, at this deliverance for I have never known a man to be so mercilessly persecuted for so many years as you have been. But why are you weeping?

Chiniquy: Partly for joy and partly because the Lord tells me that you will pay for this with your life, Mr. Lincoln. Rome will never forgive you for undertaking my defence.

Lincoln: My friend, how strange it is that you should feel like that, for I have had exactly the same presentiment. However, we have won this round of the battle and our times are in His hands. It is a dangerous life we are living and you, too, Chiniquy, are in daily jeopardy.

Chiniquy: How well I realize it, but no matter, so long as I am free to continue preaching to these lost sheep the truths of the precious Word of God.  
( He holds up his Bible)

## C U R T A I N

### ACT II \* SCENE 4

NARRATOR: For our next scene we take you to the fine church built at St. Anne by Father Chiniquy to seat over a thousand people. Part of it is used during week days to teach the children to read the scripture, and at nights to teach the parents, many of whom could neither read nor write when they left Quebec.

I hope you will be able to imagine for yourselves the interior of this church. See along the walls fourteen magnificent oil paintings of the stages of the cross. When the people come to worship they prostrate themselves before each of these pictures in turn, repeating each time the words, "Oh Holy Cross, I adore thee !" Over here near the altar, try to imagine a very ornate and costly statue, a masterpiece of beauty and design. It represents the Virgin Mary as a child, sitting at the feet of her mother St. Anne, who was the patron Saint of the district. To this lovely group the people of St. Anne addressed their most fervent prayers, daily until April 1857 when Pentecost came to these people of St. Anne.

( The curtain rises to show the curate putting things in order on the altar. At the right three French settlers enter. The first two stop before each picture, crossing themselves and uttering prayers, finally kneeling before the image of the Virgin and St. Anne. The third settler takes no part in any of this but steps briskly over to the curate, greeting him.)

3rd Frenchman: Bon soir, monsieur le curé. Your letter said that we were going to discuss something tonight of great importance. What is in the wind now?

Curate: We have to decide what step to take next. A new Bishop has been appointed you know, to take O'Regan's place, and we are supposed to make our submission to him immediately.

3rd Frenchman: Out of the frying pan into the fire. That is where we shall be, I wish I knew what to do about it, but the whole situation seems so hopeless.

Curate: Have you heard the latest news from Rome? (The other two men leave their prayers and come over to join the conversation.)

1st Frenchman: What is it?

Curate: The mighty O'Regan has fallen under the displeasure of His Holiness the Pope. He has been demoted and forbidden to ever return to America. He is in Ireland now; has founded a bank there, they say.

2nd Frenchman: Yes with the money he stole from us ! It must amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars, all told.

Curate: He is trying hard to find out who it was that reported all his crimes to the Pope, and why it is that the Emperor Napoleon is against him.

3rd Frenchman: Perhaps you and I could enlighten him on that point, eh?(laughs)

Curate: Well, I helped Father Chiniquy copy out 300 pages of evidence against him, and it was well worth while. We have gotten rid of him forever and the country is at ease.

## (Act II Scene 4 continued)

3rd Frenchman: The secular papers are saying that Father Chiniquy has scored the greatest legal victory that an inferior has ever won over his superiors. But I am afraid we would never have been given such an unbiased judgment in Canada.

2nd Frenchman: Thank God for bringing us away from Canada then.

1st Frenchman: I hear that the new bishop is very anxious to make his peace with us. I am sure we can now work together with the Irish harmoniously.

(Chiniquy enters from the left, carrying letters. He blesses them with his hand as they gather round him.)

Chiniquy: Well friends. I have called you together this evening to draw up a letter of submission to Bishop Smith of Dubuque. As you know he has lately been appointed our overlord. He has promised to publish our letter in the press that all men may know that we Frenchmen of Illinois are not scismatics but loyal American Catholics.

1st Frenchman: He has the reputation of being very kind and friendly. I am sure he will put an end to this unhappy controversy.

3rd Frenchman: Gentlemen, I am opposed to signing an unconditional act of surrender to any bishop. Who knows what foolish or wicked humiliation he may subject us to, later?

Chiniquy: Yes, Bechard, there is much more to this than appears on the surface. (pause) I feel that I must at last reveal to you something that has hitherto been known only to God. For many years a deep and bleeding wound has been torturing my soul. I can hide it from you no longer. As you know, there is no other priest who has studied and taught the Holy Scriptures as faithfully as I have. Yet the more I compare them with the teachings of our church, the more my faith in our church has been shaken. Day and night, day and night for years, I have been hearing a voice crying in my soul, "See, the Church of Rome does not follow the true Word of God but the lying traditions of men."

1st and 2nd Frenchmen: (excitedly) No, no, Father you are mistaken.

Chiniquy: I hope I am mistaken; and now is our chance to find out. Your faithful curate and I have given much thought and prayer to this matter and we have drawn up a letter of submission such as will put this matter to the test. Read it to them please.

Curate: (reading the letter) "My Lord Bishop Smith, Bishop of Dubuque and administrator of the diocese of Chicago: We want to live and die in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, out of which there is no salvation; to prove this to your Lordship we promise to obey the authority of the church according to the commandments of God, as they are expressed in the gospel of Christ." Let me repeat that latter part. "We promise to obey the authority of the church according to the commandments of God as they are expressed in the Gospel of Christ."

Chiniquy: What do you think about that? Can you sign such a statement?

3rd Frenchman: I will sign it gladly, but I am sure it will not be accepted.

2nd Frenchman: Why not? I cannot see anything unorthodox with that statement. I too will sign it with pleasure.

1st Frenchman: I shall sign too, and I am sure the bishop will accept it.

Chiniquy: If he does I shall be a very happy man; for I love the Church of Rome and she loves me. (Each of them signs the letter) I shall leave immediately for Dubuque. You will hear from me as soon as possible, but my dear friends, do not be surprised if our document is rejected.

(The two priests leave by the left. The Frenchmen move toward the door at the right)

2nd Frenchman: (pointing) Have you ever noticed how those images sway when you walk past them? Just as if the Blessed Virgin were nodding to us.

1st Frenchman: It is because the floor boards are weak here. We must find some way of supporting them or they will fall over. Perhaps we could find a strong piece of wire and fasten it to the wall to hold them in place more securely.

2nd Frenchman: No, no ! Our hands are not fit to touch the Holy Mother of God.

3rd Frenchman:(waiting at the door) Oh come on. Those ladies ought to be able to take care of themselves.

1st Frenchman: Bechard, you shock me!

3rd Frenchman: Don't look so horrified, just go home and read the second commandment, if you please. I tell you plainly it makes me blush to see intelligent men kissing the feet of those idols.  
(They all go out talking excitedly)

Narrator:

So Father Chiniquy went to Dubuque and, to his surprise and delight, was very cordially received by the new bishop. He presented his act of submission. The bishop read it over twice thoughtfully, expressed his satisfaction and gave the priest a friendly and gracious letter of testimony, which he said should be widely published to let everyone know that the seven long years of deplorable strife were ended. This news the people of St. Annes heard with great joy. But now two weeks have passed and Chiniquy is home again.

(During the reading of this, people are filing in to take the chairs on the platform, sitting as closely together as possible)

He has called all members of the congregation to meet together at the church to hear very important news. From their farms and workshops near and far, they have been gathering together until now the beautiful church is crowded. Over a thousand people are waiting in great excitement, for it is rumored that a great change has come over their beloved priest. All eyes are fixed on him as he enters the pulpit and kneels in prayer. (Chiniquy enters carrying Bible and papers) There is dead silence, but the people are asking many questions. Why did he not bow to the Virgin? Why did he not make the sign of the cross? Where is his crucifix? Has he forgotten his rosary? Impossible after wearing it all these years. Why does he look so pale? Is it true that he has been ill?

Chiniquy:

My dear children, I thank you for leaving your work and gathering here in answer to my summons. I have much to tell you: so much I scarcely know where to begin. Two weeks ago the curate read you a letter from me telling you that our act of submission had been accepted and that I was going to the monastery of St. Joseph for a period of prayer and fasting. Well, I had been at St. Joseph's only a few days when I received commandment to return to the bishop's palace. I went at once to Dubuque and, fearing the worst, asked for an audience with Bishop Smith. When I entered his presence, I found him in the company of stern and silent Jesuits who neither moved nor spoke during our interview. He asked me for the letter of esteem he had previously given me. As I drew the precious document from my pocket he seized it and ran quickly to the stove, where he lifted the lid and threw it into the flames. I cried out in astonishment and dismay, "Oh my Lord, how dare you destroy a letter that means so much to me and my people?" He answered coldly, "Because I am your superior, and because you deceived me when you pretended to submit to my authority. Your act of submission is not worth that much. (snapping his fingers) You stated that you would submit to my authority according to the Word of God. That is no submission at all. That is Protestantism, sheer Protestantism! Unless you retract that statement I shall be obliged to punish you as a rebel. I said, "But my Lord, is not the Holy Catholic Church founded on the scriptures? If we reject them, then what foundation is there for our faith? He did not answer me but shouted, "You are to write an act of unconditional submission to myself as your superior." I answered quietly, "That I absolutely refuse to do." "Then you are no longer a priest of the Roman Catholic Church." I threw up my hands to heaven crying in a sudden outburst of joy, "May the Lord God be forever praised! At last I am free!"

Returning to my hotel room, I locked the door and fell on my knees to consider before God what had just happened. The sad truth that my church was not the true church of God had come to me from the lips of her own bishops. They forced me to make a choice between the church and this precious living Word of God. They showed me that it is impossible for any man to enjoy both as I have tried to do. My friends, we are not allowed to remain in the church unless we give up this Bible.

(Chiniquy continues)

Can you imagine my agony of soul as I laid this matter before the Lord, crying, "Then where is the true church? Where is salvation to be found? I shall never survive this blow. I shall lose friends, relatives, honour, country --everything. The pope and bishops will denounce me from pulpit and press. My own dear people will turn from me in horror, when they learn that I am an apostate, a heretic. No Protestant will ever befriend me because I have written and preached against them. Oh, where can I find a hiding place to cover my defenceless head? I dare not go home. Oh Lord, I know not which way to turn."

For hours this struggle went on in my soul. I became so faint that I thought I should die there alone on the floor, without a ray of light to illumine my perishing soul. I remembered how very often I had stifled the voice of my dear Saviour when He had tried to show me the truth. It was not possible that He would have mercy on me now. I saw the mountain of my sins hanging over me as if it would fall and crush me. There was no way of escape, no way out, until at last my tortured soul cried, "Oh Lord, save me! I am lost." Then a glorious light pierced the darkness and I saw my own dear Saviour standing before me, His face covered with blood, the crown of thorns on His head, cruel nails piercing His hands. He looked at me with infinite compassion and love, saying, "My child, I have heard thy cry. I offer myself to thee as a free gift. You belong to me. I have bought you for myself with a great price, even my own precious blood. I offer you eternal life as a free gift. By grace you are saved through faith, not through works. It is the free gift of God."

At that moment the blood of Christ flowed over me and purified my sinful soul. All my wicked pride and rebellion against God was cleansed, forgiven. That hotel room was filled with unspeakable glory as I responded with joy, "My dear Jesus, Thy precious Gift of God, I accept Thee, my Redeemer and Saviour. Thou dost offer me the pardon of my sins as a free gift. I accept it. Thou dost offer me eternal life as a free gift. I accept it. Thou hast saved me because of Thy great love for sinful men, and I pray Thee, oh my Saviour, save my people too. Let me not enjoy this salvation alone. Save my beloved people of St. Anne and Kankakee and those back in Canada. Show me how to present this free gift to them so that they too will accept it and rejoice in Jesus Christ, their Lord and Saviour."

(He pauses and comes down from the pulpit to stand among the people, many of whom are weeping or praying softly.)

I am no longer a priest of Rome. Another priest will soon be appointed to take my place here. You must decide now whether you wish me to go away or not. Whether you will follow the pope or Jesus Christ; whether you will follow the Word of God or the traditions of men. If you wish me to cease this teaching and leave you, rise to your feet all of you and say so. (There is no sound or movement)

Mr. Bechard are you not the spokesman for these people?

3rd Frenchman:

(rising to his feet and speaking with great emotion) They will have to elect another spokesman for I can speak only for myself this time. Many of you know that I have stood with Father Chiniquy in resisting the Irish bishop, but the victory we have gained over him has given me no pleasure, for the thought has been burning in my heart that I am just as guilty before God as is O'Regan. How can a man like that spend all his life in the observance of religion and remain so wicked? We are forever making confession, attending mass, obtaining absolution, doing penances, to what purpose? We are no more holy afterward than we were before. Our hearts become more and more encrusted with the filthy accumulation of our sins as we grow older. I was becoming disgusted with the whole hypocritical mummery and during the past year as I have been reading the Bible I have been made increasingly conscious of my own sinful, helpless condition.

But this afternoon we have heard something entirely new and different. It sets this whole matter of religion in a new light. I have been deeply moved to hear the confession of our beloved priest. He, of all men, would surely have atoned for his sins and found peace with God, yet you have heard him say that he too was guilty before God after all these years of self denial and sacrifice. At last my eyes have been opened to the supreme fact that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses us from all sin. I need that cleansing. I need the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world, to be my Saviour. I want to accept that free gift of salvation for myself. (He falls on his knees.)

Chiniquy: Thank God! Thank God! I did not expect anyone to see the light so soon. Jesus is very merciful; he will not turn any away. I see the light of heaven shining in your faces. This is God's doing. Listen friends. I put a new proposition to you. Those who want me to stay here and preach the gospel of the grace of God; those who want to receive the free gift of salvation; stand to your feet. (The whole congregation rises suddenly, many crying: "Yes yes, we want the gift of God; Stay and teach us; Stay and help us!") Chiniquy throws up his hands in amazement.) Praise God, this is His doing.  
(A loud crash is heard to the left. All turn to look in the direction of the image.)

1st Frenchman:

Oh, oh, the saints are broken to pieces! We shall never be able to set them up again!

2nd Frenchman: Poor St. Anne has lost her head. But after all you know, those ladies really ought to have been able to take care of themselves.

(Much laughter, and talking as the people move from their places to see the damage.)

Narrator:

That was the beginning of a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God, of which Chiniquy says that he was more the witness than the instrument. Five hundred families of St. Anne withdrew from the Catholic church within a few weeks. By 1860 there were nearly ten thousand converts. Thirty-two young men offered themselves as evangelists to take the gospel to others, so it became necessary to establish a Bible Training Institute. In 1860 Chiniquy returned to Montreal and preached to huge crowds in spite of the fiercest opposition. He had the joy of seeing scores of priests and over seven thousand other French Canadians accept the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and publicly renounce Catholicism. But time forbids our telling you any more of this story. We pray that you too may be an overcomer. "For this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God."

(During this reading all those who have taken part in the play line up on the platform and sing joyously the chorus,

For there is one God and one Mediator  
Between God and man,  
For there is one God and one Mediator,  
The man Christ Jesus:  
Who gave Himself a ransom for us all,  
Who gave Himself a ransom for us all.  
Oh, what a wonderful Saviour!

C U R T A I N.

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Notes. Our purpose in producing the story in this form is that it may be used by Christian young people, prayerfully and sympathetically, to reach some who would not otherwise hear the gospel of God's grace. Let those who play the part of priests and bishop maintain a serious gravity throughout. Obtain the correct cassocks etc. Learn to use rosaries and make the signs of worship. During the first three scenes a huge old Bible should have a prominent place on a lectern in the Chiniquy home. After Lady Montgomery's visit, her Bible should be in evidence on Chiniquy's desk or in his hands. The play can be used successfully on a church platform with a minimum of scenery and stage setting, leaving much to the imagination of the audience. During the years 1956 and 57 emphasize the fact that this is the centenary of the revival at St. Anne. To lessen the labour of memorizing all his speeches Chiniquy has been given opportunities of using his notes, especially in the last scene. Send us your suggestions for improvement. As far as possible we have used the actual names of persons and places mentioned by Chiniquy so that any one wishing to investigate the truth of statements made may be able to do so. The chief changes made in the original narrative are two. Chiniquy went to Lady Montgomery's home; she did not come to his. We have introduced Bechard to show the reaction of the people to Chiniquy's message.

Error. In Act II, Scene 2 CHARLES should be written CHINIQUEY to be consistent.

May the God who uses weak things use this one to His glory.

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FOR THERE IS ONE GOD AND ONE MED-I-A-TOR BE-TWEEN GOD AND MEN,

D.C. FOR THERE IS ONE GOD AND ONE MED-I-A-TOR BE-TWEEN GOD AND MEN,

FOR THERE IS ONE GOD AND ONE MED-I-A-TOR, THE MAN,....CHRIST JESUS.

FOR THERE IS ONE GOD AND ONE MED-I-A-TOR, THE MAN,....CHRIST JESUS.

WHO GAVE HIMSELF A RANSOM FOR US ALL, WHO GAVE HIMSELF A RANSOME FOR US ALL;

D.C.

WHO GAVE HIMSELF A RANSOME FOR US ALL, O WHAT A WON- DER- FULL SAVIOR!

